

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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## HORATIANA.

BY EGERTON WEBBE.

[THE Editor of this Journal believes he may say, that in the various periodicals which he has conducted, it has been his good fortune to introduce more talent and genius to the public than any other; he means such as have made out a lasting case with their names, or where they have not yet done so, are in the way to do it, and have had their pretensions admitted by the few who make fame. Not only are the splendid names of SHELLEY and KEATS in his list, but the reader would be surprised if he knew how many eminent ones in learning, in criticism, and in politics, now flourishing, and therefore not abruptly to be mentioned, began their career in the pages of the 'Examiner' and the 'Reflector.' Nor will the 'Tatler' want its names; nor the LONDON JOURNAL. It has ever been his boast that he has been a sort of literary Robin Hood, and got companions to act under him who have beaten him at his own weapons, and he now, in introducing his young friend, Mr Webbe (whose name, for very good reasons, he has prevailed upon him to let be known), takes the liberty with him of saying, that he is a far better scholar than himself, a writer as well as reader of elegant Latin verse; and that he joins to this accomplishment others which, being greater, it might disconcert him too much to predicate thus openly, and when he is about to speak for himself. The Editor, indeed, need not have said anything at all; but liberties of a similar kind are taken with friends at election meetings and dinner parties, in the overflow of party zeal and port wine; and he does not see why the privilege of uttering cordial truths should be denied to moments less equivocal. The indulgence is at all events in agreement with the doctrines inculcated in the LONDON JOURNAL, and he trusts that there is no hearty reader but will feel obliged to him for giving way to it.]

"Οὗτος δὲ ἔως ἐνάρμοστον τὴν φύσιν ἔσχεν,  
ὥστ' ἐν ἅπασιν τοῖς εἰρημαίοις τελεῖσθαι τὸν  
ἔργον." ISOCR. Epist. IV.

PERHAPS there is no one amongst the old poets whom it is so possible to feel a love for as Horace. There is a sociality in wit and pleasantries inadmissible in any other departments of poetry, and when these are joined to a warm feeling of humanity, and a mind furnished at once with everything that is delightful in invention and exquisite in taste, they cause our affections to bound from the writings to the man, and endear him to us personally in a manner which more exalted merits fail to do. But though few have ever more incontestably established a title to the rank of poet than Horace, it is not the bard of "empyrean conceit," it is not the bard "soaring in the high regions of his fancy, with his garland and singing-ropes about him," that we meet with in him. With all his great and varied powers he never evinces that strength of wing that could have sustained him in the more elevated parts of the poetical element. His feelings indeed were warm enough—his polished imagination would have ensured a grace to whatever he had attempted—his judgment would have secured it from all great defects, but he wanted that depth of sentiment and grandeur of conception—the "mens divinator atque os," &c. (the diviner mind and the large-coming utterance) as he

who penned that admirable definition could hardly have been ignorant, without which there is no *furor*, no epic glory, without which the buskin is but a sorry shoe.

I believe Horace to have been always in love with his art, but it was a divided attachment. We see many a town-bred lover so imposed upon by the allurements of artificial beauty as sometimes to confound adventitious with personal charms, and pay that devotion to his mistress which is due to the man-tua maker. In the same manner Horace, I think, was so much devoted to the outward attractions of the poetical art as sometimes to overlook matter of more vital concern, and to forget that poetry, like his own Pyrrha, "simplex munditiis," is not unfrequently "when unadorned adorned the most." He does not appear to have had any ideas of poetry apart from numbers, and, if so, all that ridicule of classical association and classical influence in which he indulges, must, I think, be considered in some measure as recoiling upon himself, since it would appear from this that he drew his notions of the art, not from his own undirected inquiries concerning it, which would inevitably have led him to a higher conception of its spiritual nature, but rather from a too passive regard to what had been done. His admiration of the manifold excellencies of the living art was so profound, so lively on the other hand his perception of all that belonged to false taste, and he was besides so admirable a practical critic, that he was very naturally withdrawn from a more philosophical view of the nature of poetry, to treat of poetry as it was. It is astonishing with what closeness, and, as I may say, *professional diligence* he has applied himself, in that incomparable monument of common sense the 'Art of Poetry,' to an explanation of all the tools of the trade and their several uses. Never for a moment does he lose sight of the grand business of verse-making. Observe how he introduces Homer to us. "With respect to singing of wars and heroes," says he, "Homer has shown us in *what metre that can be done*." He did not say "Homer has shown us that these are themes only to be grasped by the very highest reach of genius—that they demand a comprehension and a power which no rules of mine nor of any other critic can define, much less impart—he has shown us with what a more than mortal grandeur such subjects may be invested, and what a godlike majesty of utterance must belong to the man who aspires to succeed to such a throne as his." Horace does not say anything of this sort; but, says he, "Homer has shown us *in what metre that can be done*!" Then what an exquisite spirit of affectation there is in all he tells us about the different species of poetical measures in use or out of use. Of the elegiac—meaning to say that it was formerly only used for plaintive subjects but was afterwards adopted for those of a cheerful kind also, he delivers himself thus:—"At first only lamentation was admitted, but subsequently a happier strain prevailed; *the wish fulfilled* was received into the verse." Then, in the next line, I confess I am doubtful of the exact meaning intended by the word *exiguus* as applied to *elegos*. We find that word not unfrequently employed in a sense of disparagement, but it is by no means to be supposed that Horace meant

\* I believe it is always considered justifiable, and it is assuredly very desirable, to depart from the order or even the terms of the original, when the spirit may be more truly preserved by a deviation.

any slight to longs and shorts, his dear Tibullus' chosen measure: neither can he mean "small" in its relative sense, since he cannot intend to speak here with any exception as regards *large elegies*! To suppose that he meant to convey some reference to the comparative humbleness of the subjects usually embraced by that style of poetry, seems to be going too far about for a meaning. I may be wrong, but I can never help fancying there is a sly affectation lurking in the word, as if he used it in a caressing way—a loving diminutive, "little elegies," as we say "little dears." Then let us see what he has to say of his own dearly beloved *iambus*. It is impossible to imagine a more matter-of-fact, business-like, commercial way of writing than that with which he begins his account of the *iambus*. "Syllaba longa brevis," &c. might be a bit picked at hazard out of the Eton Grammar, yet only observe what a whimsical strain of conceit he immediately gets into. He wants to tell you that, whereas formerly the verse consisted of six feet, all of them *iambuses*, it had been common of late to mix *spondees* up with them, except only in the second and fourth feet of the line; a plain piece of information one would think. The latter part of it he delivers in the following fashion:—"Recently however, in order that it (the *iambus*) might be enabled to come upon the ear with more of deliberation and force, it consented in the most handsome and accommodating manner to receive certain stout *spondees* into its paternal charge; not however that it would carry its familiarity with them so far as to yield either the second or fourth seat to them."

Nothing surely so plainly bespeaks that a man is doating on his art, as this same fondling, spoilt-child way of speaking of it—these affectionate personifications!

In treating of the Drama, Horace betrays, no less clearly, how large a share he held in those classical prepossessions which he had so ridiculed in others, always paying the same obsequious and unhesitating devotion to everything emanating from the Greek school; and this without seeming to be aware of it himself—at least, so it appears to me. His first observation on the subject of the drama (I still confine myself to the didactic poem) informs us how admirable a measure the *iambic trimeter* is for walking the stage on all sixes.\* "Both sock and buskin," he says, "appropriated this foot; it is such a capital one for dialogue, and so good for drowning the noise in the pit,†—besides, it seems as if it was made on purpose to be acted to." The next remark on this subject comes in, I am afraid, for the ambiguous praise of being an unimpeachable truth:—"A comic subject," he observes, "don't love to be set forth in tragic verses!" And then, on a little reconsideration of the matter, he makes this remarkable addition:—

\* Or rather on all *threes*, for though six-footed it had properly only three positive accents; whence (Sat. lib. i. 10.) of Pollio who wrote historical plays, "Pollio celebrates the exploits of kings, thrice striking the foot" (*pede ter percussio*).

† A "noise in the pit" does not seem a very close translation of *populares strepitus*, certainly; yet I am inclined to think it tolerably correct, for as that portion of the Roman theatre which answers to our "Pit" was called *popularia*, in contradistinction to *orchestra*—the "Stage boxes," as we should say—*populares* here will not signify, in its usual wide sense, *belonging to the people*, but *belonging to the PIT people* in particular, those occupying the *popularia*.

"Also, the supper of Thyesta (to wit, a tragic subject) is very indignant at being related in verses of a comic kind!" It may be observed, that in the exceptions which he makes to this rule—as where he alludes, very properly, to the fact, that the characters in tragedy are often thrown into situations in which the lofty accents of the Tragic Muse are no longer consistent with nature, and ordinary and even commonplace words may be much more suitably and characteristically employed—in these exceptions, while you think he is tending to some original and independent views of his own, he is all the time only reducing to precept the examples of those masters of the drama, whose works and whose passages he has in his eye the whole way through—those "*exemplaria Græca*" which he so eloquently recommends to us all.

After this, and sundry receipts given for making characters—such as Achilles to be impetuous, Medea to be cruel, &c.—he takes occasion to glance at the possibility of original genius; but it is with an evident uneasiness, and a sort of nervous impatience of the prospect he himself has opened. By way of providing against this alarming contingency, he proposes certain rules to be observed by those who "dare to form a new character;" but soon perceiving the unprofitableness of prescribing for such wrongheaded people, he desists from further counsel, leaving them to shift for themselves. He then again exclaims against the dangers of novelty, recommends poaching on other men's grounds, suggests the expediency of turning Homer's *Iliad* into a five-act piece, and finally delivers the prettiest defence of stealing extant in any language; for what he says amounts to this—that any man may make free with public property (*publica materies*) if he chooses, with impunity, and that it is his own fault if he is found out, for that it is always possible to disguise a theft in such a manner as to elude detection and make the ideas of others pass for one's own; that all that is necessary to this end is, that he should take care to avoid too great a closeness of imitation, not making it a word-for-word business (*non verbum verbo reddere*), which might have an awkward appearance, but concealing the plagiarism under some judicious variation or reconstruction; and in this way a second-hand article may be got up to look as good as new!

Perhaps I have got into some cross-grained humour, but I own I can perceive no extraordinary absurdity in that opening line which our critic next cites as so rare a specimen of bathos—

"Of Priam's fortune, and that noble war,  
I'll sing," &c.

It appeared that Homer always preferred to open with an appeal to the muse; whereupon Horace, with that unconditional surrender of himself to classic authority, with which he taxes others—and with which others may tax him,—immediately determines that every other mode of beginning a poem must be and shall be, held unlawful and unpardonable. "Sing, Muse, the man" may be a better commencement, but surely no one can say he perceives that mighty difference between the two examples which Horace pretends to find.

Most of his rules relating to dramatic composition display the same tone of mind, the same rooted adherence to custom and precedent. Every play is to consist of precisely five acts "neither more nor less" (*neve minor ne sit productior*;)—only three people or, at the utmost, four are to be engaged in conversation on the stage at one time;—the chorus is just to say so much and no more, to a certain effect and no other, &c., in short "whatever was, was right," whatever had been, was to be;—for all these rules and regulations, what are they but a mere enumeration of the actual principles of the Greek plays?

I used to wonder why Horace spoke always so sneeringly of Plautus, a writer of most uncommon merit, and who is surely to be ranked immeasurably higher than his successor, Terence, whether we consider the claims of originality—which is only to say genius—or of wit. But it happened unfortunately that his Latin was a century and a half old in Horace's time, and exhibited on its surface that incrustation of time, which, though in the eyes of the more

genuine connoisseur it might seem only the gladdening bee's wing of a good old vintage, was to the spoilt critic of 'Tibur' a worthless rust. Here at least he was not swayed by the witching influence of time, nor by the force of opinion. The plays of Plautus were in especial good esteem in the Augustan age, and it is well known that they maintained their footing on the stage with undiminished honour to a very much later period. No one can suspect Horace of quarrelling with Plautus on the score of indelicacy. We are not informed that he himself ever became a very eminent convert to modesty. His unfavourable opinion of Plautus, then, confessedly rests on no other ground than his style. We may take the style, as well as the matter, of Plautus and of Nævius to have had much about the same relation to the style and matter of the Augustan age that Ben Jonson's and Shakspeare's have to those of the present day. The style rough, quaint, and in part obsolete; the matter frequently coarse, sometimes gross—a comparison from which, of course, the question of merit or genius is altogether excluded. As to indelicacy, we have only to go as far back as to our own Congreve to be satisfied that, in that respect at least, the English stage has undergone, within a century, a much greater reformation than the Roman stage could boast of in the whole period from the time of Plautus to that of Horace. The allusion made to the comic poet in the *Ars Poetica* affords, I think, no bad illustration of the general strain of Horace's critical reflections.\* "But your ancestors," he says, "praised the versification of Plautus as well as his wit; indeed, they used to admire both one and the other with a readiness quite unaccountable, not to say ridiculous—at least, if you or I know anything about the matter, if we can distinguish wit from buffoonery, or know how to *prove proper verses with our fingers and our ears!*" Now, really, Mr Horace, pardon me, but really this smells of the shop!—"on our fingers!" I presume you are facetious, but still—"on our fingers!" The secrets, Sir—pray respect the secrets of the trade. What! are we to have our ceremonies exposed to the public gaze, our sacred rites revealed, our cherished institutions laid bare to the profane eyes of the vulgar? Sir, you touch us nearly—we fear you never heard of vested interests; let me say, such unseasonable blabbing is in the highest degree unconstitutional and dangerous, and such as might, for aught I know, bring into contempt the very fabric of our poetocracy!

What makes it so strange that Horace should stigmatise the style of Plautus in this unqualified manner is, that he raises no such outcry against others of the old school whose language was, at least, as far removed from the polished standard of the Augustan age. In his critical doctrines, Horace generally appears to do little more than echo the opinions current amongst well-educated people; therein, however, as in many other features, strongly resembling our own Twickenham bard, who, seldom originating much himself, was yet able to give such a lustre and beauty to objects of ordinary contemplation, and to exhibit them in a light so novel and brilliant as rather seemed a new creation than an adoption. Yet surely the admirers of Plautus formed no sect or schism in the literary world at any period. Not to insist on the many strong and indisputable evidences we have of the admiration in which his writings were held, it may be observed, that it was to his style especially that that admiration was directed. It was said by Varro, that if the Muses spoke Latin it would be the Latin of Plautus; yet Horace could not make it go "on his fingers!" Besides this general slight, he seems to insinuate elsewhere (2 lib. 1 epist.) that Plautus only wrote for money—such, at least, is the meaning to be gathered from the text;

\* Since writing this article I have fallen in with the following spirited passage from Camerarius, the learned German, (*Dissert. de Comad. Plauti*) quoted in 'Dunlop's History of Roman Literature.' It refers to this very criticism of Horace. "Immo illi proavi merito, et recte ac sapienter Plautum laudant et admirati fuerunt, tuque (sc. Horat.) ad Græcitatem, omnia, quasi regulam, poemata gentis tue exigens, immerito, et perperam, atque incogitanter culpas."

but it must be owned that a considerable obscurity pervades the passage in question—a fault with which, as his biographer, Suetonius, has justly remarked, he is in general by no means chargeable (*quo vitio minime tenebatur*); and, taking all things into account, it is impossible not to suspect that this passage has suffered damage or mutilation in some stage of its journey down to posterity, probably over the dangerous cross-roads of transcription.\* If not, then we must understand the following animadversion as applying as well to Plautus as to the person of whom it is more immediately spoken. "All he thought about was, how to fill his pocket; and whether his piece succeeded, or whether it was damned, it was all one to him, when that object was secured!" This is very shocking, if true, as they say. However, I have no heart to quarrel with the old fellow for anything he says in the above-cited epistle, in consideration of the admirable, and no doubt richly-merited, castigation he administers to the play-going idiots of his time; a time at which, it would appear, that common sense and common understanding were as religiously abjured by the theatrical public as they are in England at this moment; indeed, with the slightest imaginable change in the wording, there is not a line of what he says on the subject that might not just as well have been written yesterday; there could not be a more natural series of reflections for any newspaper critique on our present exhibitions. In "*Sape etiam audacem, &c.*" I discover a decided allusion to Sheridan Knowles; who, with all his confidence and courage, both as an author and actor, was obliged to retreat from the major theatres at last, no longer caring to share the stage with devils and raree-shows. Then what a slap at the dress circle is that "*Verum equitis quoque, &c.*"—and how lamentably true!

[This article will be concluded in one more paper.]

\* The three lines following "*Adspice, Plautus*" are surely intended in a favourable sense, both to Plautus and Dorsennus; and if we then substitute *Non tamen adstricto percurrit* in the place of "*Quam non adstricto percurrat*," should we not obtain a general sense much more conformable to the natural course of reasoning, than by attempting to make the whole six lines convey a continuous censure?

## CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[NO. V.—TEMPEST.]

THERE can be little doubt that Shakspeare was the most universal genius that ever lived. "Either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene indivisible or poem unlimited, he is the only man. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light for him." He has not only the same absolute command over our laughter and our tears, all the resources of passion, of wit, of thought, of observation, but he has the most unbounded range of fanciful invention, whether terrible or playful, the same insight into the world of imagination that he has into the world of reality: and over all there presides the same truth of character and nature, and the same spirit of humanity. His ideal beings are as true and natural as his real characters; that is, as consistent with themselves, or if we suppose such beings to exist at all, they could not act, speak, or feel otherwise than as he makes them. He has invented for them a language, manners, and sentiments of their own, from the tremendous imprecations of the Witches in 'Macbeth,' when they do "a deed without a name," to the sylph-like expressions of Ariel, who "does his spiriting gently;" the mischievous tricks and gossiping of Robin Goodfellow, or the uncouth gabbling and emphatic gesticulations of Caliban in this play.



The 'Tempest' is one of the most original and perfect of Shakspeare's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art, and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," yet that part which is only the fantastic creation of his mind, has the same palpable texture, and coheres "semlably" with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician, Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding; his daughter Miranda ("worthy of that name") to whom all the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle; the princely Ferdinand cast by fate upon the haven of his happiness in this idol of his love; the delicate Ariel; the savage Caliban, half brute, half demon; the drunken ship's crew—are all connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea; the airy music, the tempest-tost vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape back-ground of some fine picture. Shakspeare's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) "like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in." Everything in him, though it partakes of "the liberty of wit," is also subjected to "the law" of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made reeling-ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the winds and waves. These fellows with their seawit are the least to our taste of any part of the play: but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison.

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakspeare's characters, whose deformity whether of body or mind is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakspeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted uncontrolled, uncouth and wild, uncramped by any of the meanesses of custom. It is "of the earth, earthy." It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learnt from others, contrary to, or without an intire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the common-place affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it. Schlegel, the admirable German critic on Shakspeare, observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse." He first comes in thus:—

"CALIBAN. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both: a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister ye all o'er!

PROSPERO. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
Shall for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd.  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me;  
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light and how the less  
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and  
fertile:

Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Who first was mine own king; and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island."

And again, he promises Trinculo his services thus, if he will free him from his drudgery.

"I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
I pry'thee let me bring thee where crabs grow,  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts:  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock."

In conducting Stephano and Trinculo to Prospero's cell, Caliban shows the superiority of natural capacity over greater knowledge and greater folly; and, in a former scene, when Ariel frightens them with his music, Caliban to encourage them accounts for it in the eloquent poetry of the senses,—

"Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,  
That if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Would make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me: when I wak'd  
I cried to dream again."

This is not more beautiful than it is true. The poet here shows us the savage with the simplicity of a child, and makes the strange monster amiable. Shakspeare had to paint the human animal rude and without choice in its pleasures, but not without the sense of pleasure or some germ of the affections. Master Barnardine in 'Measure for Measure,' the savage of civilized life, is an admirable philosophical counterpart to Caliban.

Shakspeare has, as it were by design, drawn off from Caliban the elements of whatever is ethereal and refined, to compound them in the unearthly mould of Ariel. Nothing was ever more finely conceived than this contrast between the material and the spiritual, the gross and delicate. Ariel is imaginary power, the swiftness of thought personified. When told to make good speed by Prospero, he says, "I drink the air before me." This is something like Puck's boast on a similar occasion, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." But Ariel differs from Puck in having a fellow feeling in the interests of those he is employed about. How exquisite is the following dialogue between him and Prospero!—

"ARIEL. Your charm so strongly works 'em,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

PROSPERO. Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion'd as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?"

It has been observed that there is a peculiar charm in the songs introduced in Shakspeare, which, without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of

half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals. There is this effect produced by Ariel's songs, which (as we are told) seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible. We shall give one instance out of many of this general power.

"Enter FERDINAND; and ARIEL invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Curt'sied when you have, and kiss'd,  
(The wild waves whist;)   
Foot it featly here and there;  
And sweet sprites the burden bear.

[Burden dispersedly.]

Hark, hark! bowgh-wowgh: the watch-dogs  
Bowgh-wowgh. [bark,

ARIEL. Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry cock-a-doodle-doo.

FERDINAND. Where should this music be? in air  
or earth

It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon  
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank  
Weeping against the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it  
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.—  
No, it begins again.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are coral made:  
Those are pearls that were his eyes,  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change,  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell—  
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong bell.

[Burden ding-dong.]

FERDINAND. The ditty does remember my  
drown'd father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me."

The courtship between Ferdinand and Miranda is one of the chief beauties of this play. It is the very purity of love. The pretended interference of Prospero with it heightens its interest, and is in character with the magician, whose sense of preternatural power makes him arbitrary, tetchy, and impatient of opposition.

The 'Tempest' is a finer play than the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which has sometimes been compared with it; but it is not so fine a poem. There are a greater number of beautiful passages in the latter. Two of the most striking in the 'Tempest' are spoken by Prospero. The one is that admirable one when the vision which he has conjured up disappears, beginning "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces," &c., which have been so often quoted, that every school-boy knows it by heart; the other is that which Prospero makes in abjuring his art,—

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and  
groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that  
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid  
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd  
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontary  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic

I here abjure; and when I have requir'd  
Some heav'nly music, which ev'n now I do,"  
(To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for) I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book."

We must not forget to mention among other things in this play, that Shakspeare has anticipated nearly all the arguments on the Utopian schemes of modern philosophy.

"GONZALO. Had I the plantation of this isle,  
my lord—

ANTONIO. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEBASTIAN. Or docks or mallows.

GONZALO. And were the king on't, what would  
I do?

SEBASTIAN. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GONZALO. I' th' commonwealth I would by  
contraries

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

No occupation, all men idle, all,

And women too; but innocent and pure:

No sov'reignty.

SEBASTIAN. And yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO. The latter end of his commonwealth  
forgets the beginning.

GONZALO. All things in common nature should  
produce

Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance

To feed my innocent people!

SEBASTIAN. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO. None, man; fall idle; whores and  
knaves.

GONZALO. I would with such perfection govern,  
sir,

T' excel the golden age.

SEBASTIAN. Save his majesty!"

### LIVELY GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS IN PORTUGAL.

(From the 'Sketches' of Captain Alexander.)

#### A PROPER VALET.

I WAITED a considerable time at the Duke de Terceira's (the distinguished Villa Flor), to present a letter from Admiral Sartorius. His excellency was out riding; and while sitting in an ante-room, a sleek-looking English groom put his head in at the door, in order to be spoken to. He was the *beau ideal* of the domestic of a captain of the guards; one of the smooth-haired, long-vested, well-fed fellows, with little of work, and plenty of sauce for everyone but their own master. I asked him why he left London?

"Why, sir, since the Reform Bill, town has got very dull; my last master got into the Bench, and the nobility have all gone abroad; so I came over here to the duke."

There was a loud talking and laughing of servants in an adjoining apartment, with a clatter of knives and forks, and a little girl ran into the room. "That's the daughter of the lady's maid," said the groom. "She's looked on as one of the family;—very different with us at home, sir."

"I inquired how he liked his place.

"Oh! they use me very well, sir; I'm just the same as the duke,—same dishes, separate tables, and so on; but if they don't treat me as they ought to do, I'll leave the establishment and set up for myself."

"As what?"

"As a veterinary surgeon, sir; I know something of the business, and they are d—d ignorant about horses in Portugal, sir."

#### THE LATE DON PEDRO.

An officer of the English squadron told me that when these lines for the defence of Lisbon were first commenced, he walked out one day to see them; and on looking about he came upon two Portuguese officers, one of whom had three stripes of lace on the cuff of his surtout. He was immediately sharply accosted by the striped gentleman, and asked, (in French) "What he was about there?" The Englishman replied, "that curiosity had prompted him to see what was going on."

"Have you permission from the commandant?"

"None."

"Well, you can't remain here."

"That's very strange. In the time of Miguel I might have expected this; but now I thought an English uniform was sufficient passport."

"Well, well! what do you think of the lines?"

"Why, I am no great judge of these matters; but as far as I can understand the nature of the defences, they seem to be very well contrived."

On this the interrogator moved on, and his companion (apparently an aide-de-camp) addressed the Englishman, and said, "Do you know whom you have been talking to?"

"No."

"Why that is his Imperial Majesty."

"Well, I am sorry I did not know it was Don Pedro, for I fear I spoke rather bluntly to him."

Accordingly, he approached his Majesty, and made an apology; on which Don Pedro frankly cried out, "Oh! never mind apologies; go where you like, you're an Englishman; I'm glad to see you," and shook hands.

#### ADMIRAL NAPIER.

Viscount Cape St Vincent, the gallant Napier, having arrived from his successful expedition to the North (when Camilla, Valença, Viana, &c. had fallen into his hands), I waited on his Excellency, having an introduction to him from his distinguished cousin, the Right Honourable Sir Alexander Johnstone.

I went to the naval arsenal, opposite to which is the curious stone pillar, where the nobles used to be executed; and in the principal room, the walls of which were covered with tapestry, representing marine subjects, I found clerks busy at long tables, and on looking out at a window, I saw shipwrights and other workmen busily engaged about a line-of-battle ship, and a corvette on the stocks. There was no sleeping over the work here; and there was evidently some master-spirit which kept all hands in active employ.

I was shown into a room where sat the admiral: His excellency is five feet in height, spare made, with black hair and whiskers, straight nose, and sallow complexion; his age about fifty. He was dressed in a blue surtout and trowsers, white vest, socks and shoes, and had a frank off-hand and decided air about him.

The Minister of Marine (Marjochi) came in—a tall, respectable-looking gentleman. The admiral immediately attacked the minister, to give me information about Africa; to see if in his bureau there were any documents which could be of use to me. The minister promised, in a day or two, to supply me with what was requisite.

The admiral kept me for a considerable time with him, talking occasionally and getting through a great deal of business; he seemed to be as ready with the pen as with his sword.

The admiral sometimes made a triumphal entry to a place, seated on an ass or mule, cocked hat athwart ships, and cutlass by his side. At one of the towns of the Algarve, where the Mayor and corporation came off to pay him homage, and had prepared a laurel crown for his excellency, he impatiently called out, whilst waiting in the cabin to receive them, "Come, bear a hand with the ceremony."

Talking of small fry,—improvement has taken place in the education of children; schools on the Lancasterian principle are now common, as also

schools for infants. The government is giving much attention to education, and it is to be hoped much good will be done.

### THE WEEK.

#### BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

FEBRUARY 11, 1657. At Rouen, Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle, son of an advocate of parliament, and nephew of Corneille; a man of universal literature, chiefly known to posterity as a popularizer of astronomy, and one who by a temperament at once lively and tranquil succeeded in preserving a naturally delicate constitution to the age of nearly a hundred, with no other infirmity than a little deafness. His equable temper subjected him to a charge of want of feeling; and a ludicrous story has been told of his having a friend come to dine with him, who expired as the meal was preparing; upon which Fontenelle, who in consideration of his friend's taste had ordered some fish to be fried partly in butter and partly in oil, jumped up, and called out to the cook, "The *whole* with oil! The *whole* with oil." Madame d'Abrantes, on the authority of a personal friend of Fontenelle's, treats this story as a jealous fabrication; and most probably it was nothing better. It is not like the conduct of a man, one of whose maxims was, that "we ought to be sparing of superfluities to ourselves, in order to be able to supply necessities to others;" and whose whole character had the general reputation of corresponding with his professions.

Same day, 1732. In the parish of Washington, in Virginia, of an ancient family of Cheshire, George Washington, one of the founders, and First President, of the United States;—one of those rare characters for prudence in the smallest things, and success in the greatest, which keeps a man's fame with posterity suspended between doubt and admiration,—between doubt whether his success was not mainly owing to negative qualities and to the circumstances which rendered them of sovereign benefit, and admiration of the vigor, perseverance, and public disinterestedness with which he secured and ennobled it. The greatest suspicion of Washington's want of genius arises from the dry formality of his manners, and the minute and steward-like attention he paid to the smallest details throughout his life, public and private. His claim to grandeur of reputation consists in his public virtue, rather than his talents as a soldier, which however suitable to the exigency, are thought not to have been severely put to the test by the generals sent against him. The most awkward thing in his disfavour as a man of a very enlarged mind and an abstract lover of liberty, is his retention of his black slaves on his estate, and his inability, or disdain, to say a word in defence of it, when he was asked the reason. But in this also he might have sacrificed his real feelings to notions of existing necessity, and for the better security of liberty to all hereafter. Yet the positive contempt with which the majority of his countrymen regard their black fellow-creatures to this day, is not an argument in favour of that hypothesis. We must add, that it is the greatest blot upon their character, and quite unworthy the advances they have made in so many other respects.

— 14. St Valentine's Day. See an admirable article upon it, in our extracts this week from Mr Lamb. We rejoice to see that the day is still noticed in the new and improved almanacs. Such anniversaries must not be abolished, any more than youth and love itself. Besides, what would become of our school-friend and playmate, the "little god of love," Cupid himself, if he were to go out of the "Valentines" with their bleeding hearts, all stuck through with arrows? for he is now to be found nowhere else. The very French poets have cut him.

— 15, 1674. At Dijon, where his father was chief registrar of the Chamber of Accounts, Prosper Jolyot de Crebillon, one of the four celebrated French tragic writers,—Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, being the others. We cannot speak of his writings from knowledge; but their severe subjects, and the manner in which he handled them, procured him the title of the



French Æschylus. He was a man of a high and independent spirit, and therefore a piece of playful flattery came with the more grace from him. When he went in his old age to thank the king's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, for a pension she had procured him, he was introduced into her bed-room (a French custom), and was in the act of kissing her hand, when the monarch came in (Louis XV). "Alas, madame!" exclaimed the venerable poet, "the King has surprised us; I am undone." Louis was diverted with this sally, and ever afterwards befriended him. Crebillon died at the age of eighty-eight.

— 16, 1497. At Bretten upon the Rhine, Philip Melancthon, the most amiable of the Lutheran reformers. His real name was Schwartzerd (Black Earth), which, agreeably to a custom of German literati in those times, he translated into Greek,—Melancthon having the same meaning in that language. His father was an armourer. His mother, being old at the time of the Reformation, and having timid doubts of the propriety of quitting the ancient faith, the son, with true Christian liberality, advised her to retain it.

### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

#### LVII. HONEST ULTRA-DEVOTION.

NICHOLAS FERRAR, the son of a London merchant, at the conclusion of the sixteenth century (says the 'Lounger'), inherited from his mother a delicate constitution, but a vigorous mind, and eagerly devoted his early life to literary occupation. Religious books being first put into his hand made an impression on his mind, which never was removed, and when only six years old, he was able to repeat by heart a considerable portion of the 'Old and New Testaments,' the 'English Chronicle,' and Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' At the age of eight he was placed under the tuition of a worthy clergyman, near Newbury in Berkshire, whose discipline was so successful, or the aptness of his scholar so great, that, being considered as qualified for an University, he was sent, when thirteen years old, to Clare Hall in Cambridge, where Dr Linsell, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, became his tutor. To use the words of Mr Ferrar's right reverend biographer (for he was not only instructed, but his life has been written by a bishop), it was soon observed that Ferrar's candle was the first lighted, and the last extinguished in that college. This sedentary drudgery was not likely so improve a tender habit, and being under the necessity of applying for medical advice, his physician recommended travelling, in the hope of calling off for a time his unceasing application to books. The Princess Elizabeth, one of the daughters of King James the First, who had married the Count Palatine, being at that moment on her way to Germany, Mr Ferrar was permitted to join the suite of her highness, and accompanied them part of the way. They landed in Holland, and after accompanying his countrymen to the borders of Germany, as he proposed going considerably to the north of the Palatinate, he took his leave; visiting Munster, Hanover, and Cassel, leaving no place till all that was to be seen or heard had been explored. At Leipsic, finding his health better, he remained several months, again applied to his books, and, to qualify himself for making further progress as well as profit in travelling, improved himself in the modern languages.

He now resolved to see Italy, not indeed by the direct road, but visiting such places as were likely to gratify his curiosity, or afford opportunities of improving his mind, and adding to his knowledge. He continued a few days at Dresden, and made a considerable deviation for the purpose of visiting Prague, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Munich, Saltzburg, Inspruck, and Trent. At that period, Europe was under considerable dread of that awful scourge, the plague, and Mr Ferrar was obliged near the Italian frontier to undergo the precautionary secession, something similar to quarantine. It was at the time, that season of the year, when the Christian church enjoins for a certain period fasting and prayer, as a salutary and impressive memorial of the patience,

trials, and forbearance of Jesus Christ. Our pious traveller passed the greater part of the forty days during Lent in abstinence and devout meditation, on a mountain almost covered with rosemary and wild thyme, descending regularly every evening to make a moderate meal on fish. This temporary solitude first gave Mr Ferrar a relish for mental abstraction and contemplative devotion, imparted a peculiar tincture to his faith, his conduct, and his manners, and ultimately decided the singular manner in which he passed the after-part of his life. These impressions were also further confirmed by his narrowly escaping a sudden and violent death; this mercy he never forgot, but indelibly fixed it on his mind by an anniversary practice of fasting, prayer, and thanksgiving.

Having sufficiently guarded against the dangers of pestilential affection to himself, or communicating it to others, a precaution in many respects troublesome, tedious, and vexatious, but against which no man ought to object, Mr Ferrar passed on to the once renowned, but decayed University of Padua. He here attended a course of medical lectures, which qualified him to be useful afterwards to his country neighbours. After a stay of four months, he quitted Padua precipitately, terrified by real or imaginary dangers, from certain Jesuits, who, with the Pope, the devil, and the pretender, were once the bugbears, the *raw-head and bloody-bones* of England, and probably not without reason.

He repaired without delay to Rome, and, after seeing whatever was worthy of notice in the ecclesiastical metropolis or its environs, made a retrograde movement to the mercantile sea-port of Leghorn, and in a few days, embarking in a felucca, crossed that part of the Mediterranean which is called the Sea of Genoa, and landed at Marseilles. After remaining in that city three weeks, he re-embarked in an English vessel for the Spanish port of St Sebastian. Being disappointed in his expectation of a pecuniary remittance at this place, he walked to Madrid, where he heard that his mother, now a widow, was involved in trouble. In the eagerness of filial affection, he took the earliest opportunity of sailing for England; and, after a five years' absence from his native country, landed at Dover with a constitution considerably amended, and large additions of information, learning, and science.

Mr Ferrar could not restrain the pious gratitude and patriotic rapture he felt. The instant he jumped on shore, he fell on his knees on the beach, returned thanks to the Almighty for that protecting providence which had sheltered him from perils by land and perils by sea, and then kissed his native soil. By the established goodness of his character, and a large share of natural sagacity, he was enabled to extricate his family from their difficulties, which had been produced or augmented by a litigious attorney. In 1624 he was chosen a member of the House of Commons, and in this capacity took an active part against the treasurer, Sir Lionel Cranfield, who, from the humble station of a Custom-house officer, had by his fiscal projects so ingratiated himself with King James, that he gave him a lord treasurer's staff, and created him a peer of the realm. Sir Lionel had been accused by his enemies, I know not how justly, of corruptly conniving at certain injurious monopolies. But Mr Ferrar, in Parliament or on his travels, in his closet or the world, never lost sight of what appears to have been, at a very early period, the favourite wish and purpose of his heart—religious retirement, and the devoting himself wholly to God—forgetting, as too many of his predecessors in the same path have done, that those exertions should seem to be most pleasing to the Creator which imitate his attributes and are productive of social utility. In this plan of retirement he was powerfully aided by his mother, who felt and indulged similar propensities, and being possessed of the house and manor of Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, had apt means in her hands of putting into execution this favourite purpose.

As the first step Mr Ferrar procured himself to be ordained by Dr Laud; then taking leave of

London, and finally adjusting every affair likely to require his presence in the metropolis, he prepared to depart with his mother, his elder brother, his sister, her husband, a Mr Colet, and their fifteen children, of whom six sons and three daughters were married. This religious colony, consisting, with the servants, of upwards of forty persons, quitted London, and by easy journeys repaired to Little Gidding.

The house, which had for many years been in the occupation of a farmer, they found in a ruinous and neglected state—the garden a wilderness—pigs had been kept in a pleasure house, and the church was converted into a barn. Provoked at what he considered as profane misapplication, Mr Ferrar would not sleep till he saw the house of God cleared of its contents, and actually performed divine service in it by candle-light before the family retired to rest. It was afterwards completely repaired within and without.

To make a large roomy mansion, which had been so long left to decay, a fit habitation for a large and respectable family, was a work of time, labour, and expence; even to subsist there required some skill, effort, and contrivance. For this purpose the land, which in those days produced an annual rent of five hundred pounds, was kept in hand, and agricultural superintendence was assigned to such individuals of the family as were qualified for the task by knowledge, health, age, and inclination. Timber in the meantime was cut down, and other necessary materials procured, capacious barns, &c. were erected, and the whole of the premises completely repaired; additional household stuff was purchased, and a sufficient stock of fuel and other stores laid in. But no occupation was permitted to interfere with the purpose of Mr Ferrar's retirement. The whole family were expected to attend public worship, every morning, Mr Ferrar officiating himself, and, to prevent this duty interfering with those of the house and farm, the house rose at five during the winter, and at four o'clock in summer time. Part of the house was appropriated to the purposes of a school, to which masters were assigned, and here the children of the family, and those of the neighbourhood who would conform to rule, were taught to read and write, grammar and arithmetic, and the duties and principles of religion. Occasional amusement was not prohibited them; little prizes were sometimes given to those who excelled in learning; also to those who could run, jump, swim, and drive an arrow nearest to the mark.

The young women of the house were clothed alike in black stuff; and such time as was not employed in church or domestic duty, was dedicated to the infirm, aged, and diseased; for which purpose medicines and all conveniences for dispensing them were at hand, Mr Ferrar being qualified to give advice and directions in administering the medicines employed. The female part of the family employed themselves at the proper season in distilling cordial waters and working carpets and cushions for the church and parlours. As a hint to such as sometimes visited Little Gidding, the following inscription was placed in the hall at which everyone entered:—"He, who by gentle reproof and kind remonstrance strives to make us better, is welcome; but he who goeth about so disturb us in that which ought to be the chief business of every Christian, is a burthen while he stays, and his own conscience shall witness against him when he departs."

On another conspicuous pannel appeared these words:—"He, who is willing to be a cheerful participator with us in that which is good, confirms us in the same, and acts as a friend, but he who bitterly censures us when absent, and makes a show of approbation when in our presence, incurs the double guilt of flattery and slander, and violates the bond of Christian charity."

The laws of hospitality were not forgotten by Mrs Ferrar or her son, many of the nobility, clergy, and other travellers, calling on them; King Charles I, on his march to the north, visited them, and the Bishop of Lincoln was sometimes their guest.

Watching, a very ancient discipline in the Christ-

ian church, if not contemporary with its rise, was looked upon by Mr Ferrar as an indispensable part of his religious duty. To this end, he had different oratories for the sexes, in which, from nine till past twelve, he and others took their turns of repeating psalms, passages of scripture, and occasionally singing to the organ, which was set in a low stop, that notice might not be excited, nor the house disturbed. There, for many years, lived this singular character, and in his last moments, elevated by hope or deranged by debility, he insisted on having had celestial communication.

By his relations he was called *seraphic*, and accounted little less than a saint: by a late writer he is termed an useless enthusiast, and Little Gedding, an *Armenian Nuntery*; the Papists said he was a Puritan, and the Puritans abused him as a Papist. To make Mr Ferrar's example the rule of life would be absurd, though it were to be wished, that among the majority of persons of his rank and condition, so much could be found of that piety pleasing to God, and so little of that depravity which brings misery and degradation to man. In another point of view, Mr Ferrar was to be praised; although he practised ceremonies, &c., which some may consider as absolutely enjoined by the Christian faith, he did not regard them in the light of what have been called, by the old controversialists, *works of supererogation*, which might authorise or wipe away practical transgression; he did not one jot relax in his endeavour to be what he was, a man pure in morals and of strict integrity, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a kind neighbour, and an honest man. Happy would it be for the world, if all, who like him have fasted and prayed, would imitate the correctness of his life, and still happier, if those who set at nought all ritual observance, would prove by a discharge of their social duties that human virtue stands in need of no aid from revelation to stimulate us by hope and fear to salutary exertion.

### MUSIC.

*The Musical Magazine.* No. I. F. de Porquet and Cooper; Simpkin and Marshall.

We are glad to welcome a periodical devoted to the interests of music, which appears likely to last, and be of service to the art. Periodicals dedicated to either of the fine arts have too commonly originated among such persons as, being scarcely successful in their own profession, have endeavoured to eke out their resources with a precarious and ill-judged inroad upon the field of literature, and, having proved unequal to the task they have been educated to perform, imagine they can succeed better in a more difficult labour, for which they are fitted neither by their original taste, their education, nor their habits. Such being the case, jealousy on the one side produces a tendency to decry the powers of those who have attained the envied point of fame and prosperity, and sympathy, on the other, creates a false estimate of the claims of brothers in adversity; while a spirit of truckling to the prejudices and whims of patron *dilettanti*, flattering their little dabbler efforts in art, completes the shabbiness of the parasitical fortune-hunting intruder in the republic of letters. Instead of being devoted to the interests of the art, periodicals have been rather devoted to the interests of a *clique* among its professors, appealing to a body of men too small, too insignificant and impoverished, to support even the expenses of the publication. The public will never take an interest in the complaints and difficulties of men who accuse it of injustice; neglected worth gains nothing by publishing its own degradation, and expatiating upon its own value. Public approbation and public support are not to be obtained for the asking; they must be bought at an equivalent. If the public, that huge creature, do not see its own interest, the feeble voice of a neglected servant will be long repeated—long echoed by other single voices, till it grow into a clamour, before the world will hear it; a longer while than a man's life endures. As well might a flower wither-

ing in the shade call out to the sun to turn its broad face upon it. But how often is real power crushed in its abiding place, dying alone? There is no ground for supposing that it is often. How many men overrate their own abilities, and fancy rather that the world is a deaf one that will not hear, not that their own voices are feeble, and their matter not worth attending to? Are there not many—are not most of those who so perpetually weary us with complaints of injury and neglect composed of such individuals? and are such men, so feeble, so prejudiced, so mistaken in themselves and others, to be the arbitrators of successful rivals, or the champions of their art? Who would trust a rejected suitor for a character of his mistress's husband? Unsuccessful pretenders, too, are generally tiresome. We seldom sympathise with them; if we do there is no pleasure in the sympathy, and we shuffle it away as fast as we can, pained with the pain, annoyed by the bad temper.

Such have been the periodicals in the service of the arts,—such the causes of their failure. That there are many professors of music, and many amateurs who would be glad of a vehicle for information and intelligence cannot be denied; but the professors could not relish the invidious complaints of their discontented brothers, nor the public interest themselves in their private bickerings. A work, therefore, by keeping the interests of the art chiefly in view, in which those of the public and the professors are included, would not be obnoxious to the dangers which have proved so generally fatal to its predecessors. We hope that the 'Musical Magazine' will prove itself of a healthy constitution; it has begun most auspiciously. We have a second edition of the first number before us, and that first number is copious, various, amusing, liberal, and cheap. The critical portion of the work appears accurate and impartial. We take the article on Neukomm to be a very fair estimate of his abilities. The highly interesting and edifying account of the disinterested and enthusiastic M. Kaupert, extracted from the 'Evangelical Magazine,' we reserve to make further comment on in a future number. The subject is too highly interesting to be slightly passed over. There is some original music, too, a ballad by Lee, and a waltz by Beethoven. The subject of the ballad is a little meagre, but it is prettily treated, and the latter part is very pleasing. Beethoven's waltz is beautifully flowing, and rich in the harmony.

The 'Musical Magazine,' however, should keep itself above suspicion. There is a passage at page 16, under the head of 'Musical Chit-Chat,' which might be taken equivocally. The criticisms on the press, in a subsequent paragraph, would have been better omitted, or more explicitly worded. General accusations are not always just to individuals; and the magazine itself extracts one of its best paragraphs from a newspaper, the 'Atlas.' The following anecdote will amuse our readers: it is not the only one to be found in the columns of the 'Musical Magazine.'

#### "MUSIC WON THE CAUSE."

Anseume, a gentleman of very limited income, hired a small house at Bagnole, and invited his friends once or twice a week to come and amuse themselves there. On these occasions, each brought some provisions: one wine, another cold meat, another patties, another game. It unluckily happened that Anseume, as absent in mind as straitened in his finances, had forgotten, for a whole year, to pay his rent. The landlord made a descent upon him precisely on the day that his friends Collé, Panard, Piron, Gillet, the painter Watteau, the musician Degueville, and other epicures, had assembled there. These gentlemen, according to custom, had brought plenty of provender, but no money; and the landlord imperiously demanded his rent of two hundred crowns. What was to be done, in order to assist their friend? They immediately set about cooking the meat and poultry; they levied contributions on the fruit and vegetables of the gardens; Watteau drew a beautiful and inviting sign, and Degueville borrowed a violin of the parish beadle; in short, they

got up a *cabaret* and a *fête champêtre*. The appearance of these new cooks, who served their customers in habits of embroidered velvet, with swords by their sides, had a curious effect, and greatly diverted the company, which was so numerous, that the receipts amounted to five hundred crowns. Anseume paid his landlord, and his distress was converted into joy and gladness. But now a question arose that was discussed with no small earnestness and interest. To which of his guests was the host most indebted? Those who played the parts of cooks declared that without their labours there would have been nothing for the public to eat. Watteau laid no little stress on the invitation held out by his sign; and Degueville insisted that, without his music, the people's attention would not have been drawn to the sign; and that, even if they had noticed it, and come in, there would have been no mirth and spirit, little eaten, and that little scantily and reluctantly paid for. The dispute began to grow warm, when Degueville seized the violin, played them all into good humour, and was at length allowed to be the victor."—P. 13.

### ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

HAIL to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, yeilded Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all forspent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madam, my *liver* and fortune are intirely at your disposal;" or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It "gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcome in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that an-



nounced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful eternal common-places, which "having been will always be;" which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,  
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense— young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly— something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C— street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself to work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and besure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottos and fanciful devices, such as becomed,—a work in short of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O, ignoble trust!)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesan of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.

#### GOOD QUOTATION ABOUT "FACTS."

There are more false facts, than false theories current in the world.—*Alexander's Sketches in Portugal.*

#### SPECULATIVE AND ASSIMILATING GOSSIP.

FREQUENTLY AS my brother and myself sit over the fire, with our feet on the fender, and a meerscham pending from our lips, we get *magging* upon various subjects, mystifying ourselves with wild German questions, and racking our brains to discover the undiscoverable. One of our favourite questions—one which has afforded our wits many an hour of delightful torture, and which, from its nature, is capable of affording us many more—is the perpetual motion. Oh, the innumerable and brilliant theories we have built, like the card palaces of our childhood! but only to be destroyed by some unconsidered meddling law of nature, as they were by the spherical limestone missile of some young urchin. Yet even as then we could not but admire the precision of his destructive aim, so could we not withhold our admiration of that beautiful and immutable law, which had fallen upon the apparently solid structure of our theory, when it had risen to a height producing extacy, and crushed it and our hopes together. Then would we quit the subject, mentally vowing never more to have anything to do with the slippery rascal; but it was only to return to it again at a future period with renewed vigour.

Another subject of our choice was the squaring of the circle, which possessed the same advantages as the perpetual motion, that of being, from its difficulty, an inexhaustible source of speculation. What trigonometrical constructions have been raised with geometrical precision! How the sine of every conceivable angle has been multiplied into tangent, secant, and radius! How the rectangles, under tangent and co-tangent, sine and co-sine, have been divided and multiplied by every imaginable segment of radius! How long lines of decimals have, as it were, "stretched out to the crack of doom," conveying an idea of the infinitely little! With what perseverance did X always maintain his incognito! We could never discover that he was related to anyone. He generally went by the name of the Unknown, and was rather a burly fellow, being frequently called X square. We sometimes thought that he was equal to A \*\*\* and B \*\*\*; but this impression we were obliged to discard, as we had frequently found him mixed up with a set of W.'s and C. A. D. S.

I could mention many other curious questions upon which we speculated. One other I remember was the following. Suppose a hole bored through the diameter of the earth, and let a body, the ends of which shall be of different density, be dropped into it. It is understood that the hole is of sufficient width to allow the body to change its position in its progress. The questions we took delight in arguing were,—Would the body acquire sufficient impetus to overcome the attraction of the earth, and find an exit at the other end; and if so, in what direction would it make its exit, the denser or the less dense end foremost? And when and where would it finally rest? A knotty point and a curious.

Sometimes we would endeavour to arrive at the solution of a difficulty, by experiment; when most woful disasters would occasionally occur, particularly when it related to some question in chemistry.

These wilder investigations we would occasionally lay aside, and take up those to which we could find a more satisfactory conclusion. Or we would hunt down some poor, almost obsolete word, until we made him confess his original meaning and derivation. One of our latest subjects of conversation was the analogy between drawing and writing. And we drew parallels between the two.

The brilliant paintings of the old masters, replete with vigour and life, convey to the eye all the pith of the painter's imagination of the subject which he delineated. So do the works of the old esteemed writers, in the clearness of their thoughts and the purity of their diction, convey at once to the understanding those impressions which they felt and were desirous of leaving behind them. Then there are the more modern paintings, rich in colouring, faithful in delineation, and true to life, but generally to the life of the present day; fertile in imaginative

historical design. These may be compared to the modern writings, full of vivid descriptions of modern manners and sentiment, and abounding in fiction and historical details.

These are general resemblances; there are others more particular, such as the firm unflinching style of old heraldic drawings, how closely do they resemble the quaint, stiff, antiquated manner of the old heralds; such, for instance, as Guillim. Again, look at the phraseology of medical works, and compare it with anatomical illustrations; how ghastly and horrible; how nervous does the reading of the one and the sight of the other make one. The outline drawings of such a master-hand and imagination as is possessed by Retsch, tell a tale as well as words. His illustrations of Goethe's 'Faust' are known and admired by everyone, as also his illustrations of some of Shakspeare's plays. But one of his last, his illustrations of Schiller's song of the 'Bell,' requires no words. Were it placed before an improvisatore, he would sing it with perhaps little variation from the original song. It produces upon one the same effect as reading Schiller's own song, or La Motte Fouqué's 'Undine.' A smile hangs upon the lips; and one finds all the better feelings of our nature growing strong within one. Could the business of the world be carried on, with the tale or the drawings ever present in the remembrances of mankind, it would doubtless be a better and a happier world.

Some of our present writers resemble individual, or a class of, painters. Theodore Hook is like the old Dutch painters. Their merit lies in the faithfulness with which they depict the minutiae of life. As Hook describes every object a room contains, and allows no personages of his story to present themselves without a minute and full account of their appearance and toilet, so do the Dutch painters enter into all those little details, with which it is so delightful to meet, and which give so much truth to their paintings. Their fraus are never without pin-cushions, nor their pin-cushions without pins.

Bulwer's writings are sometimes like the hasty bold sketch of a Sir J. Reynolds or T. Lawrence.

H. B. is the illustrator on stone of the 'Don Juan' of Byron.

That incorrigible punster, T. Hood, should ride in a sociable with George Cruikshank.

The advertisement style of writing, the Rowland's Macassar Oil, Pearl Cream, and Anti-Corrosive Oriental Pearl Dentifrice, I think, we may liken to that style of wood-cut which is seen pasted upon the walls about town soon after Christmas, and is supposed to represent the principal scene in the *Pantomime*.

These resemblances, if such they appear to the reader, might by increased in number; but that I now leave to himself, should he feel so disposed.

J. A. M.

#### POOR BLIND MAN.

THE heart hath eyes,—and the poor man who looks  
On man or the world but with the bodily eye,  
Shall feel no beauty in the summer sky,  
Nor hear sweet Syrinx in the reedy brooks,  
Nor see in the grey forest's glimmering nooks  
Ideal beauty passing stately by—  
To him the truth of fiction is a lie,  
And prose without a purpose Poet's books—  
Then let the consecrating heart be mine,  
Mother of beauty, and love, and bright-eyed Hope,  
And Faith triumphant—the Kaleidoscope,  
(And joyous Faith, the bard's Kaleidoscope)  
Whose revelations haply are divine.  
When my life darkling to the west shall slope,  
Oh, may its light illumine my decline.

J. C. \*

\* This signature should have been appended to the sonnet a few weeks ago in the LONDON JOURNAL, intitled 'Three Pleasantries.'—ED.

## FINE ARTS.

*Queen Esther, after Guercino. Drawn on stone, with a Steel Pen, by Miss Augusta Cole. C. Tilt.*

GUERCINO is seldom vigorous, either in design or execution; but in all he has put forth, there is a grace, and an amiable beauty, more generally and thoroughly intelligible than sublimer things, which will always be dear to such as have eyes to see, and heart to feel its sweetness. In spite of an obliquity of vision (whence his appellation Guercino, squinting), he was handsome and elegant in person, with a most agreeable expression of countenance; he looks like a gentleman, and a kind and intelligent man. The character of his pictures is accordant with that of his appearance.

The design before us, which we suppose is copied from a drawing, is as deficient as any in strength, but replete with sweetness. Ahasuerus is the blandest of kings and husbands. The bold and flowing execution of the copy is a surprising contrast to the petty stiffness and hardness of the materials in which it is worked.

## INTERCOURSE WITH STRANGERS.

[We have much pleasure in inserting the following letter of a Correspondent, who puts forward his sound, tabular philosophy, in right recommendatory taste between smile and earnest. Verily the icy surface of English manners beginneth to thaw under the influence of this our sunny Journal, and to disclose the riches they contain.]

2nd February 1835.

DEAR SIR,—I have a sort of ambition to scrawl a few lines to you (whether you insert them in your Journal or not, I am indifferent), just to wish you success, and to say how much I admire your delightful publication; and to crave your attention to what I consider falls particularly within your province of reprobation, as a spreader of universal brotherhood.

Every one must have observed the suspicion and reserve with which we look upon strangers, and how very jealous we are of their advances. I cannot but conceive this to be a very unfortunate feature in our society, and one which increasing enlightenment ought to, and will, remedy. A little more liberality would be the means of extending good fellowship, and perhaps of bringing together intimately parties who might derive the highest advantage (intellectually at least) by a knowledge of each other. I have known myself, and have frequently heard of, close friendship originating in a casual conversation between the acts at a theatre, or in a stage-coach—where parties have separated mutually pleased with each other—have met again—had their former good opinion confirmed—and become friends. I might relate two striking occurrences of this sort amongst my own acquaintance, but presume almost every one must have had a similar experience. Do you not think, Mr Editor, that when people—strangers to each other—chance to come in contact, each should endeavour to recommend himself to the other, if only for the sake of passing a pleasant half hour? How numerous are the neutral topics of general conversation, without venturing upon politics or other controversial matters. The fair sex are unfortunately, by the usages of society, precluded from commencing a conversation with strangers; but no polite “lord of the creation” would dream of reducing them to this dilemma. I have some recollection of your making mention of this subject sometime ago—I think with reference to Mrs Somerville—and know that at the time I cordially agreed with you. And I am convinced, my dear Mr Editor, your heart (as mine) feels a yearning towards an intelligent, good natured-looking lady, whether she be, as the song saith, “fair, or brown as a berry,” and that you long to talk with her, and hear her remarks and opinions. And from the social and humane style of your writing I am equally certain that you would not frown upon a salutation from a decent-looking specimen of the rougher sex, such as “Pleasant weather, sir,” &c. &c. I cannot help thinking that you already do a great deal towards abolishing this most unnecessary frigidity, for after

reading one of your delightful and heart-enlarging articles, and noticing, as I do every week, the benignant assurance of your motto, that you “sympathise with all,” I look round me with a vast deal of benevolence for my fellow-creatures. A few days ago, for instance, I was taking my chop at a dining-house in the city—(“my custom always in the afternoon!”) and had just run through one of your Journals, when I observed a gentleman opposite me looking about him in rather a perplexed manner, as if in want of something. Now, under ordinary circumstances, my John Bullism would probably have taken no further notice of what a stranger might be doing or requiring, but just then I was “brimful of kindness,” and, to the great astonishment of the party in question, and those present generally, I bounced up with “Shall I have the pleasure of handing you the mustard, sir?” Now this “mordant” article happened to be the precise object of the gentleman’s anxiety, and he therefore thanked me with “You are very polite, sir,” and since—

Mr Editor! this is a serious subject: ponder on it. Reader! go thou and do likewise!

SAVE ET VALE!

Thine,

CIVIS.

## RELUGAS.\*

ART thou a dreamer of the noontide hour?  
Who shap’st out piles fantastically proud  
As the wind fashions from the shifting cloud?  
Is not this scene above thy fancy’s power?  
Calm beauty here hath built herself a bower—  
The traveller who doth not linger here  
Lacks all the finer sympathies—the tear  
Of sensibility is not his dower—  
Oh, sweet Relugas! beautiful thou art,  
What though thou liest as a deserted nest  
Thy image haunts, shall ever haunt my breast,  
Even to the tender gushing of the heart;  
Ere thy dear image from my soul depart  
Be mine the place of everlasting rest.

J. C.

\* A seat of Sir T. Dick Lauder, in Morayshire, and now “wasting its sweetness on the desert air.”

## TABLE TALK.

GENERAL BENEVOLENCE NO ARGUMENT AGAINST PARTICULAR, BUT THE REVERSE.

To the diffusive spirit of benevolence it has been commonly objected, that it weakens the ties of friendly and family relations, and gives less of enjoyment to the many than it takes from the few. But why should it? Is it found by experience that the really philanthropic man is the man most wanting in domestic affections? Are the tone and temper which constitute benevolence likely to find no fit exercise among those who are habitually in contact with them? Or must not the social principle be essentially strong and influential, when it enables its possessor to act upon the wide field of public happiness? In general, so far from neglecting the enjoyments of those immediately dependent on him, the true lover of his race brings into the circle of their enjoyments the re-action of the beneficent influences, which he exercises on the vaster scale; his contributions to the happiness of mankind are so much in addition to the happiness he creates in his own social sphere. Let no man apprehend for himself or others, that he can produce too much good, or remove too much evil. It is not on the side of expansive benevolence that his mistakes are likely to be made. Let him do all the good he can, and wherever he can, he will never do too much for his own happiness, or the happiness of others.—*Bentham’s Deontology.*

POLITE WRITING, AND FINE-LADY BENIGNITY!

My aunt admitted into the abbey none but her own relations, and my only companions were the two sisters of the Duc d’Haricourt, one of whom married the Comte de Clery Créquy, and the other became a nun at Caen; the eldest, Mademoiselle de

Beuvron was a pretty and elegant person, to whom I fear her husband had done injustice by having her imprisoned by a ‘lettre de cachet.’ The younger, whom they called Mademoiselle de Chatelleret, was not nearly as good or as elegant as her sister. When I heard, some time afterwards, that she had died in all the glory of holiness, I felt surprised, and I did not ask for any of her relics. There were besides, at the convent, a bevy of the demoiselles d’Hontelot, who were always dressed alike, in serge of the same colour, [and who always placed themselves, like the pipes of an organ, according to their size and age; but as they were brought up there from charity, and were very proud and especially silly, they were rarely admitted into Madame’s little circle, and I had no intimacy with them. Mademoiselle de Chatelleret used to call them the works of Mother Gigogne in seven volumes; and the Abbess learned that they regularly passed two or three hours a day counting their red spots.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créquy.*

## ARITHMETIC OF DEDICATIONS.

An author of the name of Rangouze having printed a collection of letters without page or number, the binder gave the precedence according to his direction, so that every one to whom he presented his book, finding the letters to him taking place of all the others, could not but richly acknowledge such a distinction. His letters were justly called “golden,” as he boasted that, one with another, they brought him nearly thirty pistoles each. For a thorough subtlety at dedication, however, commend us to an Italian physician, who dedicated every book of his commentary on Hippocrates to as many different persons, and the table of contents likewise!

## HOW TO GROW RICH BY GIVING.

It may be laid down as a general principle, that a man becomes rich in his own stock of pleasures, in proportion to the amount he distributes to others. His opulence will be the offspring of his generosity. Every time he creates to himself a pleasure by the communication of a pleasure, or the suppression of a pain, he increases the sum of his own happiness, directly, speedily, surely. Every time he renders a service to another, he augments the amount of his own happiness, indirectly, remotely, slowly; but in both cases his well-being will be added to by his benevolence.—*Bentham’s Deontology.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE kindly and eloquent notice of the LONDON JOURNAL in a new paper, the ‘Dover Chronicle,’ is one of those that have touched us most nearly. The writer particularly gratifies us by quoting the passages which pleased us most in the writing.

The suggestion of ONE OF OUR WARMEST WELL-WISHERS shall be considered, as in duty bound.

Had the writer of the letter from Stockton, signed J. B., known all the circumstances that preceded and followed the publication of the work he speaks of, and all which the author has said of it in the course of subsequent writings (to say nothing of that more attentive perusal which he confesses has not been given to its pages), it is trusted that he would have seen reason for qualifying the conclusions which he has come to, and which the author candidly regrets he ever hazarded in any generous mind, however provoked by misrepresentation.

QUESTOR, JUN. is informed, that the first volume of the LONDON JOURNAL does contain the Supplements.

We should gladly have inserted the lines on ‘Love, Wine, and Song,’ but for reasons lately given are unwilling to be thought to do injustice to numerous similar contributions of equal merit.

Due attention will be paid to the remarks of a fair correspondent on ‘Voices;’ and the pamphlet sent us by our namesake; and to the letter, written in pencil, on the state of music in England.

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